

# THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

## BOYS' AND GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

**Rules for Young Writers.**  
1. Write on lined paper on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.  
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.  
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.  
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.  
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.  
Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that!  
Whatever you say—Be true!  
Straightforwardly act,  
Be honest—In all you do,  
Be nobody else but you."

### POETRY.

**The Firefly.**  
By Ray I. Hoppman.  
In your radiant beauty—like a glowing gem,  
Flash like a diamond in the sky;  
Worthy of a setting in a diadem,  
Brilliant, happy, little firefly.  
Like a spot of gladness—your refulgent gleam,  
Like a ray of sunshine in the night;  
Like the lonely beacon with its helpful beam,  
With your glowing, phosphorescent light.  
Floating in the darkness with your silent song,  
Mythic as Aladdin's lamp of old;  
Flashing sparks of daylight as you drift along,  
With your shining spot of burnished gold.  
With your hopeful brightness, teaching men the way  
To live in sunlight when the path is dark;  
Changing grief to gladness, changing night to day,  
Little firefly with your glowing spark.

**Mary's Little Hen.**  
Mary had a little hen,  
Her appetite was big,  
And every day for worms and bugs  
'Twould in the garden dig.  
"Twould harrow up the fertile loam  
With both its little legs,  
Then crawl beneath the neighbor's barn  
To lay her little eggs.  
Each time its daily egg was laid  
"Twould strut about and say:  
"Cut, cut, caw-caw!" once or twice  
And celebrate her lay.  
So Mary saw she lost her crops,  
And lost her little hen,  
So she shut up her little hen,  
And then her garden grew.  
Not only this—her little hen  
Another nest did fill—  
For aught I know this little hen  
Is laying her fruit still.  
—Kearney, Neb. Democrat.

**UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.**  
I want the Wide-Awakes when they have honest convictions to honor them.  
When they think it is not right to quarrel, to be true to the thought, which is loyalty to self-gaining in honesty.  
When they think they should be quiet because brother or sister is sick or mother nervous, to put in force the good thought; for it is cultivating the habit of consideration for others—a sound Christian habit.  
When they think it is not right to tell of the conduct of a playmate, to decline to do so. In honesty, such a thought they honor themselves, even though they may be in error.  
Never let the thought possess you that the telling of stories which are

untrue for truth is smart or cunning, for in this way little folks acquire the habit of lying. It is nice to be imaginative and interesting, but be careful the false is always given its true place and value.

Do not think it is smart to stand and giggle and glare at strangers, for it is impolite; and when you know it is wrong and do it, it injures you. If you think how much you are doing for you to make life pleasant you are not likely to shame yourself by refusing to do little chores for them. Be grateful and you will be glad. You know it is not right to be careless and increase mother's work, and if you are untrue to this thought you immediately become a negligent and naughty child.

Do not think there can be no fun unless you make a great noise. The steam piano doesn't make the finest music—the zither is more pleasing. Thinking right prompts everyone to do right, and it is doing right that makes life pleasant for one another. No one ever yet thought they were better than someone else without being worse than they should be. Learn not to be proud of your possessions, but if you must be proud let it be of your kindly disposition and acts.

It is easy to be naughty and the sorrow which follows it gives you pain. It may be hard to do right, but the feelings which come of it give you pleasure. Get this impressed upon your mind and you will be true to your honest convictions. Because you insist upon honoring your honest convictions you will be honored.

### THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

- 1—John Wisneskie, of Yantic—Robinson Crusoe.
- 2—Bessie Fox, of Norwich—The Pleasant Street Partnership.
- 3—Myron Ringland, of Norwich Town—Pony Rider Boys in New Mexico.
- 4—Louis Sears, of Norwich—Black Beauty.
- 5—Almira Kramer, of Colchester—The Little Queen.
- 6—Mary A. Burrill, of Stafford Springs—The Little Queen.
- 7—Frank A. Pardy, of Norwich—Grammar School Boys in Summer Athletics.
- 8—Agnes White, of Stafford Springs—The Pleasant Street Partnership.

Winners of books living in the city may call at the Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 a. m. Thursday.

### LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Myron Ringland, of Norwich Town—I received the prize book yesterday and I thank you kindly. I have read part of the book and am anxious to finish it to see how Richard won out.  
Angie White, Stafford Springs—Received the prize book and am very much pleased with it. Many thanks.  
Lucy A. Carter, of Hampton—I thank you for the lovely prize book you sent me. I have read quite a number of pages and find it very interesting.  
Mildred Morley, of Eagleville—I thank you very much for my prize book, the Pony Rider Boys in New Mexico. It is the second book I have won. I have read it through and think it very nice.

### STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

A Wasp's Sting.  
A minister entered a sick man's

chamber and as he did so, he lifted up his heart in prayer to God, and asked for help, that he might do the sick man's bidding. He sat down by his bedside and talked with him about his sickness, and what medicine he was taking for it. While doing this, he tried to get an opportunity to say something about his soul.

As he sat there, wondering why he could not speak freely on the subject, a large wasp came buzzing round the sick man's head. It flew around as if threatening to sting him. This troubled him greatly. The servants were called in. They chased the wasp away from the bed and killed it. The sick man lay exhausted.

"Why were you afraid of the wasp?" asked the minister.  
"I was afraid it might sting me."

"If you had known it was stung was taken away would you have been afraid?"  
"Of course not. I'm no fool. It could not hurt me. It was stung."

"Yes, I am."  
"But why are you afraid to die?"  
"Because I am a sinner."

"Why did the sparrow fail to die if you knew your sin was taken away?"  
"No, of course not!"  
"If you accept him as your Saviour you are forgiven of all your sins."

"Not long afterward, the sick man found the peace and comfort he so much needed."  
FRANK PARDY, Age 13.

### My Walk Through the Woods.

One day I went for a walk through the woods up to a pond near our house. I walked slowly and as I went along picked wild flowers. I found daisies, but no mountain laurel, and many other kinds whose names I do not remember.

I also picked some berries, a few raspberries and some blackberries, here and there, beginning to get ripe. The birds were singing very sweetly. I heard a quail calling "Bob-bob" and a golden-crowned kinglet sang very sweetly. While I was listening to the others, I heard another bird scolding a little way ahead and looking up and down. I went slowly up to the spot she flew from and there, fixed so nicely where nothing could harm it, was her nest with four or five eggs. I went away quickly so the robin could go back to her nest.

Then, all at once, I heard the bushes rustling, and two deer came in sight. At first I was frightened; but they ran across the path and did not harm me. There was a doe and a buck. They were very pretty.

We were walking on a path. I could see the water. I hurried on so I would have time to see the little fishes near the edge of the water before noon. Under some stones and boards I found some worms and insects that I threw into the water for them. It would have been nice if I had brought some crabs and also some fish. I shall bring some with me the next time I come for a walk.

I sat down on a stone to rest and looked at the pond. It was very cool up there, and I saw some boys fishing. After I had rested enough, I started home, thinking dinner would be ready. I was very happy after my walk and was glad to go home and tell my folks about it.

The thought that I enjoyed myself very much.  
MARY A. BURRILL, Age 12.  
Stafford Springs.

### Early Birds.

The robin, the bluebird, the phoebe and many other kinds of birds come here in flocks in the spring. Everyone is glad to see them coming. The birds mate soon after they arrive, and then the nest is built. The phoebe generally builds in a shed, or under a barn, while robins nearly always build near a building; but we do not find the nest of the bluebird as near the house as that of the robin. The mother and father birds build the nest together and it is made of straw, hay and any stray bits of cotton or wool. The robin lays from four to six pale green eggs and raises two broods each season. Within a week or two the eggs hatch. The little birds are the queerest looking things you ever saw. They are very fat, cause they have no feathers and such large mouths; but after two weeks they have nearly as many feathers as the parent birds. They fly in less than four weeks.

Their food consists of seeds, grain and insects which the father brings to them at first, and later they keep busy catching them. The mother bird eats. The father bird is a little larger and brighter in color than the mother bird. These birds help make the world bright and beautiful by their happy songs.  
UNSIGNED.  
Stafford Springs.

### Life on the Farm.

I have been living on the farm for ten years. I live about three miles from Williamstown. To find my house you go along the road from town hall, reach the corner where the road turns right, go up the hill to the top of the hill is my home. It is a large white house. I was born here. My father built it in 1790. This house was first built as a hotel. In the time of the stage coach George Washington stopped and slept in this hotel. It was the stopping place for stage coaches.

We bought the farm from Joseph Mathieu, my grandfather, who owned the farm for 13 years. In 1903 William Mathieu, my father, bought it.

There are about 139 acres on this farm. We keep 14 cows and three horses. I like to live on a farm.  
IRENE M. MATHIEU, Age 13.  
Columbia.

### My Visit in Providence.

I was visiting a friend in Providence a year ago, and I had a very good time indeed. I went to the fireworks the first night. My grandfather took me places, and I went to the theatre most every night. I liked the shows and pictures. I stayed about six weeks and when I came home I had five days of "Old Home Week."  
ANNA TILLENHAST, Age 11.  
South Coventry.

### The Asiatic Elephant.

Some elephants of Asia are twice as high as an average man. They live in herds in the forests, usually where there is a marsh. When the natives wish to catch a wild elephant they take with them a number of men, go near the wild ones and keep them from noticing what the men are trying to do. Then they fasten the elephant by ropes to trees. The elephant thus caught is furious and struggles several days, but when worn out and hungry it is tamed and taught to do all that a horse does, and many things besides.

Plainfield, Ct. EARL O. VARS.

### A Trip to Boston.

We had just seated ourselves when the conductor shouted "All aboard!" The train started on its journey. It moved slowly at first, but after a while it increased its speed. In about a half hour the conductor entered our car to punch our tickets. I noticed where I was going and I told him I was going to Boston. He then punched

my ticket and went on his way, punching other tickets.

In the meantime I was looking out of the window when all at once my attention was attracted to some objects moving around in the distance. I could not make out what they were at first, but the train came nearer to the place. Then I saw it was a band of gypsies who had camped there for the day, perhaps.

Each gypsy was busy doing something. They waved to us as we passed them.

It was about an hour before we neared Putnam. When we did get there we saw the large auto speeding down Putnam street. We reached the station and the train stopped. Some people were getting on and some were getting off the train. Then the train continued its journey.

We saw flowers of all kinds, and to talk about seeing trees, there were groves of all named trees. It did not take long before we arrived at South station.

My uncle was there to meet me. We took the Diller street elevated and soon arrived at Albany street, where we walked about a block and then came to the house where my grandmother lived. The house was very old.

The next day my uncle took me to Franklin park, where I saw many curious birds and animals. We fed the bears with peanuts, which they gladly ate.

That same day I visited Boston Common, which I suppose you all know about.

I am going to Boston in a few weeks and I hope I will have more things to tell you about.  
Norwich. BESSIE FOX, Age 12.

### Our Lake View Cottage.

At last the long-hoped-for day arrived when we were to go on our summer vacation to our new cottage at Lake View.

Our car arrived and we were soon aboard, eager to get near the water. We drove so as to enjoy the delightful breeze of the early morning.

We were at last near our destination. The new station was now being called out.

The next moment we were off the car and near our summer home.

"Hurrah! This is our home," brother Earl. "We are at last here!"

The next thing we were to do was to lay down our baggage and get ready for dinner.

It was not long before we were seated at table and talking over the topics of the day.

After dinner we all helped to fix the dishes in order and set the table for supper.

Then we were all seated on the piazza, enjoying the beautiful lake scene.

"My! But isn't it just lovely!" cried the boys. "Let's see what we can find."

Much to our pleasure, we found berries, and also some ripe cherries.

"Well, children," cried a voice from the house, "supper is ready."

So of course we were hungry and instantly obeyed the call.

After supper we read the day's Norwich Bulletin and then retired for bed.  
ANGIE WHITE, Age 15.  
Stafford Springs.

### Dorothy's Mistake.

"Mamma, may I have a romp on the lawn with Fido?" asked Dorothy.

"No, Dorothy," replied her mother. "I do not think it is best for you have had a sore throat and you might catch cold."

Dorothy began to sulk. "I don't see why I can't," she said. "It won't hurt me if I don't stay long."

"Dorothy," reproved her mother. Dorothy was silent, but she made up her mind to get out some way.

She went into the sitting room and lay down on the sofa to think how she could get out without her mother knowing it.

An hour later her mother came into the room, saying:

"Dorothy, I wish to go over to Mrs. Wilcox's this afternoon. Do you think you can keep house for me?"

"Oh, yes, mamma!" replied Dorothy eagerly, thinking that there was a chance to do what she had been wishing for.

After her mother had gone, Dorothy put on her wraps, called her little dog Fido, and went out on the lawn. She stayed out half an hour and a fine time, but she couldn't help thinking she had done wrong.

When she went into the house her head ached and she felt very hot. She lay down on the sofa and when her mother came home she was very sick. She had to stay in bed for three long, weary weeks, and she never disobeyed her mother again.  
ALMIRA KRAMER, Age 12.  
Colchester.

### A Pet Squirrel.

My mother spends the summer at an old house in the country. Back of this house is a beautiful garden, where mother likes to sit and sew on fine days.

Not come up very good until after the rain.

The flowers I planted were asters, sweet peas, nasturtium, mignonette, cosmos, marigolds, petunias, running beecher plant, house laurel, angel's breath, verbena, geranium, butterfly plant, alyssum, pansies, carnations, anemones, dahlias, calliopsis and pinkies.

The dahlias are up a couple feet high now.

My nasturtiums are in blossom. I planted poppies and phlox, but they did not come up.

Before it rained I used to water them every night.

Last year I did not have such a nice garden as this year, because it was too dry. The first I have heard of rain we are having a great deal of rain.

I hope the Wide-Awakes and you, too, will have a nice garden of some kind.  
VERONICA ROCHFELDER, Age 13.  
North Franklin.

### The Owl.

Dear Uncle Jed: I heard a "Screech Owl" on the evening of the 18th of June. It was the first I have heard of this season. I want to tell the Wide-Awakes about the "Owl."

Long ago when people wanted to know what the future was, they would nearly always make a drawing of an owl. It's head was so big, it's face so solemn, and it's eyes so wide and round, that they felt sure the owl must be the wisest of all birds.

But when the sun shines the owl blinks and goes to sleep, in a dark hole; and the mother bird after laying her eggs takes no care of them; and when the little owls break through their shells she does not trouble herself whether they live or die.

Do you think a bird who neither loves to look upon the sun, nor upon her babies deserves to be called wise?

Nearly every bird in a bright and cheerful creature, never happier than when the bright sun is shining. But the owl loves best of all the dark and silent night. It is never wide-awake until the sun sets, and then it flies away to some neighboring barn, or outhouse, or meadow, there to sit silently, with round bright eyes wide open, waiting for the coming of some animal, mouse, or other small animal.

Then, with swift and silent flight, it pounces upon the victim, and returns to enjoy a breakfast at midnight in some dark nook.

Owls lay their eggs in the holes of old trees, or climbs in the walls of old buildings.

The barn owl, which of all owls are the most often seen, seems to be the only kind that takes any trouble to make a nest, and even this is only a little moss laid on a bare stone.

Owls have very sharp beaks, and strong talons. The gray owl is the largest kind; and their eggs are as large as a hen's.

The white owl is the most beautiful.  
MYRON J. RINGLAND.  
Norwich Town.

### A Trip to the Woods.

Dear Uncle Jed: My teacher, class and I started on a trip to the woods, where we saw a scarlet tanager, which is about the size of a sparrow, then a cluster of dog-wood leaves.

On an oak branch I saw some pinkish colored balls; they were oak balls and were very fat.

I saw maple, oak, birch, wild cherry, locust and fern leaves.

The branches of the trees which I saw were arranged alternately. I took notice of the fronds. The rhizome are rhizoids in the fern. The fronds are the leaves, the rhizome the underground stem and the rhizoids are the roots.

I saw some moss which is of a dark green color, and some winged seeds which were red and green. The green came from the maple and the red from the elm. The winged seeds of the maple are often called "maple keys."

The dandelion contained the tufted seeds.

The flowers which I saw were columbine, huckleberry blossoms and wild-lily-of-the-valley.

The ferns were of two kinds, being dark and light in color, and one having long stems and the other a shorter one.

We did not feel tired after we had walked through the woods so we went to the fish hatcheries at Cold Spring, where we saw many kinds of fish, some of which came from Canada. Some of the preserved fish which we saw were very curious. I noticed one small fish with two heads and no tail, sea-horse, rabbit fish and besides these were chickens and ducks.

I saw a chicken with four legs and a duck with two heads.

The manager told us that the abnormal fish live a very short time.

When I arrived home I saw a bird's nest on the beam of our porch roof with five little yellowish eggs, and now I like to watch the mother bird feed them.  
JESSIE BREHAUT.  
East Norwich, N. Y.

### Excursion to Mohegan Park.

Dear Uncle Jed: I went to a picnic at Mohegan park, last Tuesday given by our Bible School. We started at our church and went over West Main street, up Washington over Broad, up McKinley avenue and then up the path that leads to the park. The park was very pretty with its roses.

We went up to the pavilion and some of the older boys picked a team and played ball. The younger children played games. After the boys got through with the ball game we all went over to the lake.

As we came near the lake I noticed about seven deer in the woods. Further up we saw sheep, goats, chickens, pigeons and peacocks. The first thing I noticed on the lake was a flock of beautiful ducks and drakes. On the shore was a nest of swans.

of the mansion entertain the hunt-

man with true Highland hospitality. He gives the name and rank as James Fitz James, Knight of Snowdown and tries in every way to learn the names of his hosts. During the night his sleep is disturbed by such frightful dreams that he rises from his bed and walks in the night air, in order to shake off the dread effect. He then returns to bed, says a prayer and sleeps soundly until the crowing cocks awaken him.

LILLIAN BREHAUT.  
East Norwich, N. Y.

### An Oak Tree.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am now about to describe myself. I am a large oak tree. One day while I was talking to my brothers and sisters some men came into the wood to look for such tall trees. They cut me and after chopping me down and cutting off my branches carted me to a lumber mill and sawed me up into boards.

One day a man came into the mill and after carting me home made me into a bookcase. He kept all his books and papers in me and after a while put two glass doors on me.

I now stand in the right-hand corner of his library.

JOHN KEENAN, Age 12.  
Norwich.

### She is Six.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am a little girl six years old, in the first grade. My teacher's name is Miss Strahan. I like her very much. She teaches me how to read and write. I can read a first reader pretty fair.

When I go home from school at 3.30 p. m. my little dog greets me with a bark and jumps on me. He always likes very well. He is six months old.  
BESSIE BRUCKNER.  
Norwich.

### She was Promoted.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write a little letter to you. School let out the eighteenth of June. I was in the third grade and I am promoted to the fourth grade. I got all A's and B's on my report card. I only got three B's this year. I was tardy one morning in the whole year. I hope that all the children will have a good vacation. I have always liked to go to school, but I like to have a vacation sometimes.

I think I will have a good vacation. I will have to leave now.  
ALICE WILLIAMS, Age 8.  
Norwich.

### When Vapor is Dry.

It is a popular misconception that aqueous vapor and ice are wet. They are in themselves dry, and become wet only when they turn to water. "So dry is aqueous vapor that it will dry any moist object that it comes in contact with," states an eminent authority, Mr. M. Mott-Smith. Superheated steam, before it condenses, is a dry gas. Ice feels wet if the temperature of the hand is sufficient to melt it; as ice it is dry.

### Unkindness of Fate.

For "placing an obstacle on the rail and thereby causing a train to stop," a peasant of Nijni Novgorod was fined \$5. He was trying to commit suicide, and the obstacle was his own head.—St. Petersburg Wireless to New York Times.

### Not Gracefully Thanked.

Rector (thanking all who have contributed to the success of the bazaar):—"And as for Lady Blank, I should not like to tell you what she has done"—Punch.

### Uneeda Biscuit

Tempt the appetite, please the taste and nourish the body. Crisp, clean and fresh—5 cents in the moisture-proof package.



### Baronet Biscuit

Round, thin, tender—with a delightful flavor—appropriate for luncheon, tea and dinner, 10 cents.



### Zu Zu

Prince of appetizers. Makes daily trips from Ginger-Snap Land to waiting mouths everywhere. Say Zu Zu to the grocer man, 5 cents.



Buy biscuit baked by

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Always look for that name

## Joey Joy, A Rollicking Boy

### How Jack Frost Caught Jumbo.

Joe Joy could never tell which part of the year he liked best. In summer roaming and fishing and swimming suited him to a T; and in winter he found no less joy snowballing, sliding and skating. Life with him was always lively. He bearded in summer, but never burrowed in winter. The sun shines brightest in summer and he noticed the stars seemed nearest and shone at frost in winter. He didn't like the thunder and lightning of summer, but he liked to hear the ice groan and sputter in winter when the river ebbed and flowed, cracking it, however thick it might be, and grinding it against the shore as it lifted it and pushed it a little more in shore. He liked the winter battling with the up-town boys and the down-town boys and had fierce encounters with snowballs which had been made and wet the night before so they might freeze over, making them more like cannon balls, so that they were more effective. When they did this it was not sport, but simply war and now and then some of the boys were severely wounded. In those days the sectional prejudices and hatred of the elders was shared by the children, who used to join forces and make war with one another in the streets with clubs in summer and frozen snowballs in winter. Joey was in many encounters, but the special angels commissioned to preserve boys from injury never let him get hit.

He used to like to play on the river ice better than he did on the landlocked ice because on skates or sled he could open his coat and speed with the wind for a mile or two. One time when Joey was going towards the channel he heard the cry:

"Look out! You're on honey-combed ice!" and he looked down and saw the thin ice was like a honey-combed cake and that he was in great danger of breaking through and no one could have saved him. He dropped as carefully as possible on the ice and gently wrestled himself back to sound ice while those looking on expected the ice to break and the cold, swift-running waters to swallow him up at any moment, but Joey wiggled out of that peril as he did out of several others.

And one time when he was skating on the river a half mile from home he stumbled and fell and his bare hand went through an opening in the ice into the soft, salt muck beneath and though he pulled it off instantly he could not shut it for it was frozen stiff and he was frightened and crying as he could